

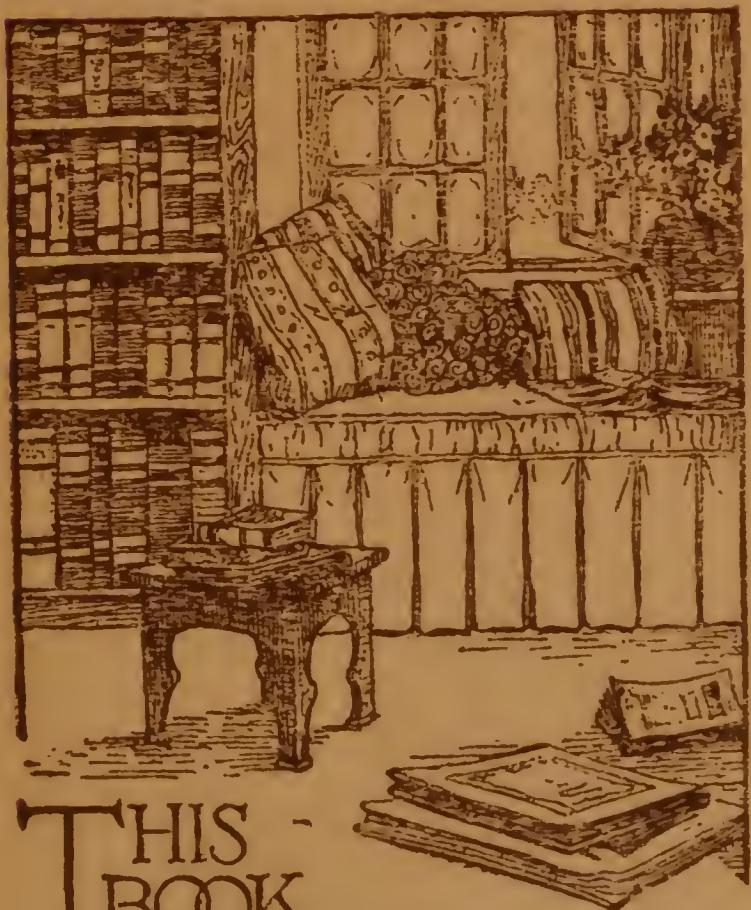
LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS



• STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY •



For Bob.



THIS
BOOK
BELONGS TO

Bob (Bob)

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1915

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LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS



PIPING PAN
WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT ART
BY LOUIS SAINT GAUDENS

*If you would find the magical strand
Of the sculptors' garden in Fairyland,
If you would tread the beautiful way
Where children of dreams delight to play
To elfin pipes would harken and hear
Till the glad days dance down the singing year,
Would enter the garden that has no key,
No gate to unlock and to pay, no fee,
Would follow the path to the gladsome Art—
Then must you come with a childlike heart.
For a childlike heart is the one demand
Of Heaven, of Art and of Fairyland.*

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

A PHANTASY
FOR CHILDREN AND
GROWN-UPS

By STELLA GEORGE STERN PERRY



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TO
LILIAN GEORGE BRUBAKER
MY LITTLE
GOLDEN PLAYFELLOW

CONTENTS

	PAGE
“Then Must You Come With a Childlike Heart” (<i>Tissue facing Frontispiece.</i>)	1
The Road to Fairyland	1
The Pipes of Pan	10

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Piping Pan. Who Knows All About Art. <i>By Louis Saint Gaudens (Frontispiece)</i>	1
Flying Cupid. From the Next Pedestal. <i>By Janet Scudder</i>	2
Young Pan. Piping Pan’s Saucy Brother. <i>By Janet Scudder</i>	2
Boy With the Fish. Whom the Play-fellows Call Roly Poly. <i>By Bela Lyon Pratt</i>	4
Fighting Boys. Who Do Not Mind Being Splashed. <i>By Janet Scudder</i>	8
Wild Flower. Who Seems To Say, “Kiss Me.” <i>By Edward Berge</i>	10
Duck Baby. Who Makes Everybody Laugh. <i>By Edith Barretto Parsons</i>	12
Boy With Frog. Who Loves The Wild Things. <i>By Edward Berge</i>	16
Bird Fountain Baby. The Sweetest Baby of All. <i>By Caroline Everett Risque</i>	18
Sun-Dial Boy. “There Is No Time Like The Present.” <i>By Edward Berge</i>	20
Young Diana. The Maiden of The Moon. <i>By Janet Scudder</i>	24
Youth. The Girl From the Fountain of Youth. <i>By Edith Woodman Burroughs</i>	26



FLYING CUPID
FROM THE NEXT PEDESTAL
BY JANET SCUDDER

The ROAD to FAIRYLAND

ELEANOR and Eleanor's Mother and the Pretty-Young-Lady-with-Jingling-Earrings and Eleanor's Aunt Kate, who knew all about everything and could explain even to Father and Mother, had spent the day at the Exposition.

Now the buildings were closing for the evening and soft, bright blue twilight, spangled with the first stars and glimmering with the early moon, filled the quiet courts and flowery avenues and made Eleanor say, "Oh! Isn't it beautiful!" and dance for joy until her curls bobbed.

The great tower and the smaller towers were glowing red like huge lanterns. Just enough lights had appeared to make shimmers and gleams in the sheets of water that fell from the fountains. The quiet pools had become mirrors; Eleanor looked into them and saw the buildings all turned magically upside down.

It was just as if the Evening Fairy had waved her wand and turned the world into Fairyland.

"Is this why we stayed here for the evening," asked Eleanor, "to see how lovely it is now?"

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

"Not tired, dear?"

"No, Mother—not very. I just wanted to know why we stayed; because Aunt Kate said she thinks there will be no fireworks tonight."

Eleanor had once been allowed to wait for the fireworks and had found them most exciting.

"We're going to do the Fine Arts, honey. The Palace of Fine Arts is open tonight and—you're *not* tired, dear?" For Eleanor had sighed a little sigh without meaning to.

She was not tired—not tired enough to admit it, at least. But "doing the Fine Arts" did not seem very attractive to her. She had tried it before, by day, and it meant rooms and rooms and rooms of pictures; very pretty ones to be sure, but too many for a little girl to see all at once without growing bewildered. And it meant Aunt Kate's stopping before almost every one—or so it seemed to Eleanor—and saying queer long words, like Divisionist, Futurista, Boccionist, Munich School, while the Pretty-Young-Lady-with-Jingling-Earrings exclaimed, "I know I shall never remember a word of it!" and Dear Mother said, "Wonderful! It is so interesting to know these things, Kate!"

Eleanor thought she'd much prefer the



YOUNG PAN
PIPING PAN'S SAUCY BROTHER
BY JANET SCUDDER

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

twilight courts and the fairy palaces. She wished she had another child with her and permission to run through the beautiful Colonnade and play Fairyland on the shore of the lagoon.

Aunt Kate, too, noticed her little niece's sigh and said, "It is really too bad. She doesn't seem to take any natural interest in Art. But these things can be developed. Now, listen well, Eleanor, and try to understand."

They entered the great portal of the Fine Arts Palace.

Then Mother and Aunt Kate and the Pretty-Young-Lady-with-Jingling-Earrings all became happy and excited and Aunt Kate cried: "What luck! Here comes Waldemar! He can tell us just what to see." The Pretty Young Lady looked as if she could tell what *he* had come there to see if she chose to do so.

Eleanor was happy, too, for the young man who hurried forward to meet them was her very favorite grown-up, except, of course, Father and Mother.

Other grown-ups thought him queer and eccentric; she often heard them say so. But they forgave him for not being just like themselves because he was a very famous artist and it was an honor to know him. His hair was a little longer than Father's and as curly and golden as

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

Eleanor's own. There was a little bit of it, just beginning to curl upward, on his chin. His eyes were as twinkly blue as the twilight outside and his mouth twitched sometimes as if he wanted to laugh—or cry.

And what do you suppose he said after he had greeted them? "I see you have brought Eleanor with you," he said, "to teach you all about Art."

"Now, just what do you mean by that?" asked Aunt Kate.

"Isn't he absurd?" laughed the Young-Lady-with-the-Jingling-Earrings.

But Eleanor answered gravely, "Why, I don't know anything at all about Art, Cousin Waldemar. Aunty is going to teach me."

"Then you must have forgotten already," said Cousin Waldemar, "what you learned from the Fairies and Piping Pan."

"Oh! I'm not too big for the Fairies," Eleanor hastened to reassure him. "I wanted to stay out in the Colonnade and play with them. It's so lovely there I felt as if there *must* be fairies."

"Waldemar, do come on!" said Aunt Kate.

"In just a minute, Kate. Of course, there are fairies there—and Piping Pan, too, for that matter." He laughed.



BOY WITH FISH
WHOM THE PLAYFELLOWS CALL ROLY POLY
BY BELA LYON PRATT

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

"Why Eleanor-Nelly"—that was his special name for her—"why don't you go into the Colonnade and let Piping Pan teach you all about Art? He's the one who knows."

"Silly man!" laughed the Pretty-Young-Lady-with-Jingling-Earrings.

But Eleanor answered seriously again, "I'd love to stay in the Colonnade. Is there a Piping Pan truly there? But it's evening, you see. If I had someone to play with me there—"

"Someone to play with! Why, the Colonnade is full of Little Bronze Playfellows. Excellent! They're the very ones to teach a child about Art; they speak the same language—"

"Speak! Oh, Cousin Waldemar!" reproachfully.

"Yes, Miss. They *speak*. They'll play with you and tell you things your Aunt Kate never dreamed of."

"You're keeping me waiting," pouted the Pretty Young Lady.

He smiled upon her. "But this is really important," he apologized. "Eleanor, if you once hear the sound of those pipes you'll know everything beautiful, everything magic. He's right out there in the Colonnade—so near! Dear Cousin Guardians," he pleaded, "may not Eleanor go down the Colonnade to

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

Fairyland while you do the Fine Arts? It's quite safe—there are guards," he said to Mother. "It's most educational," he said to Aunt Kate. "The Little Bronze Playfellows are there," he said to Eleanor.

"Please let me go? May I? I'll be careful, honest and truly!" said Eleanor. She looked so wistful that Mother murmured a reluctant "Yes."

"Mind the rule, Eleanor-Nelly," said Cousin Waldemar. "First you must walk the whole length of the Colonnade, looking at all the little bronze figures, and keep saying to yourself, 'Why is *that* so delightful?' Then, at last, at the very end—you will find Piping Pan and he will take you to Fairyland, where they know all about Art."

Eleanor waved a happy kiss and ran gaily out of the portal.

Waldemar stood looking after her. "To Fairyland!" he whispered.

"I shall never understand that man," the Young-Lady-with-Jingling-Earrings complained.

"Alas!" said Waldemar, sadly.

Eleanor ran to the north end of the Colonnade, and then walked slowly through it, according to Cousin Waldemar's rule.

By this time the Colonnade was flooded with a strange, lovely light—creamy yet

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

silvery, like moonlight. The tall columns and the trees and vines and flowers were bright with color yet toned to a velvety softness. Through the arches she saw the dark lagoon with bright reflections moving in it so that it looked like a great black opal. There was scarcely anyone in the Colonnade and Eleanor felt very small among the tall columns.

But there they were—here and there among the flowers — the Little Bronze Playfellows! She had always liked them, but, you see, she had thought of them only as little bronze *statues*. And now—why she just knew that the little rogue with the ducks had laughed at her and the little Wild Flower Girl had said, “Kiss me.”

But she remembered the rule and did not wait. She smiled at each one and asked herself seriously, “Why is *that* so delightful?” and walked down and down toward the end of the Colonnade, wondering what magical thing would happen when she got there.

Several times she passed little boys who looked as if they might be Piping Pan. “No—Cousin Waldemar said ‘at the end of the Colonnade,’ ” she reminded herself. “Besides, those are dear chubby babies and Piping Pan is something

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS
witchy, I'm sure. I just can't wait till I get to him."

She tried to go slowly, for Eleanor is the sort of person who obeys the rule; but as she got nearer and nearer to the end of the Colonnade it seemed as if her feet hurried up in spite of her and at last she was running lightly on her tiptoes. Her little white frock and gold-colored sweater flew out behind her so that she looked like one of the big gold and silver moths that fluttered over her head.

"This is the last turn!" she cried. There were long shadows there; the creamy light was dimmed like moonlight under the trees, and the bushes were thicker and higher. "It's just the place for fairies," said Eleanor. "Oh! I thought I saw one!" She was almost sure she had seen something sparkling dart into the bushes, but it may have been a belated humming-bird going home for the night.

"The very last one will be Piping Pan," she whispered, and went up to the last bronze figure, smiling expectantly.

There he stood!

He was slender for his height and very graceful and curved backward like a reed in the wind. He had a heavy mass of curling hair crowned with a jaunty chaplet of ivy leaves. He stood firmly on his feet. No tiptoeing or dancing for him;



FIGHTING BOYS
WHO DO NOT MIND BEING SPLASHED
BY JANET SCUDDER

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

he liked the feel of the good brown earth under his bare soles. He *was* "witchy"; Eleanor could feel right away that he was not just a boy; he was something magic, something fairy, something gay, something different. He held a pair of pipes lightly resting on his thumbs.

"He has a most 'dorable little nose,'" said Eleanor, "and his mouth is so funny!" She laughed to see it.

She wanted to look into his eyes; they were turned to one side as if he saw something amusing there. She went over into a corner among the bushes and—Piping Pan looked into her eyes with his mischievous fairy gaze and Eleanor sat down on the curb at the foot of a big daisy to get acquainted with him. She watched his laughing eyes; her own laughed, too. And then—

THE PIPES O' PAN

ELEANOR thought she heard the sound of a thousand crickets. She thought she heard little birds singing in their sleep. She thought she heard a little spring dripping down out of a rock. She thought she heard the blue-bells ringing and the trumpet flowers blowing and the lady-slippers dancing on the grass; she thought she heard the breezes swinging where the singing leaves were growing and she thought she saw the twinkling wood-sprites pass.

She clasped her hands in excitement. The little god winked one merry eye at her. Then she saw his long graceful fingers moving up and down upon his pipes and his little puffed cheeks rising and falling. She knew that she was listening to the Pipes of Pan!

“What is that delicious odor?” she wondered. For there was something sweet and spicy in the air. Piping Pan took his pipes from his lips and answered as if she had spoken. “Wildgrape blossom and fern seed,” he said.

“I like it very much and the music, too, Mr. Pan—must I say Mr. Pan or Piping Pan or what?” asked Eleanor.



WILD FLOWER
WHO SEEKS TO SAY "KISS ME"
BY EDWARD BERGE

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

“Brother Pan, if you like. It doesn’t matter. I have all sorts of names. That’s one reason they call me Pan; Pan means All. You may have heard some of them: Robin Goodfellow and Search-for-Beauty and Call o’ the Wild and Personal Liberty and Genius and——”

“That must be very distracting and puzzling, isn’t it? To have so many?”

“Not in the least. I never go by names, so it doesn’t matter. I think I’ll come down there and sit beside you. Perhaps you’d like to play the Pipes yourself?” And he leaped lightly from the pedestal and stood before her, politely proffering the pipes.

“I can’t *play*, but I’d love just to blow in them; thank you,” said Eleanor, delightedly.

“Oh, yes, you *can* play. It just depends on what you think before you begin,” said Piping Pan, taking his seat beside her. “Now, let’s see—think this:

“*The love of little things is the gay love,*
and then try to play my pipes.”

So Eleanor took the pipes—she could feel the music in them throbbing under her fingers—and a merry little tune came tumbling out of the pipes and a merry little round fat boy came tumbling out of the air and stood on the ground before

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

her. He had a jolly, dimpled face and he was very gay, with a ribbon round his head and a rose tied on the side of it. As he came flying downward he held out one hand as if he liked to feel the rush of air against his little palm. In the other he carried a quaint cup with a goat's head carved upon it.

"Did you call me?" he asked Eleanor.

Before Eleanor could say "No," Piping Pan replied, to her great surprise, "Yes; she called you."

Eleanor felt that it would be impolite to contradict him; but she was sure she had not called and so she looked embarrassed and puzzled.

"It was the tune you played that called him," Piping Pan explained. "You see, he always comes to the tune of *Little loves are gay* because that's what the artist thought when she made him."

Then Eleanor recognized him. "Why, you're Flying Cupid from the next pedestal!" she cried.

Cupid was pleased. "I love to be recognized," he said. "Now shall we dance a little dance or play a little game or tell a little story?" He seemed so anxious to please that Eleanor fell quite in love with him.

"Oh, a story, please, Flying Cupid! I dearly love stories."



DUCK BABY
WHO MAKES EVERYBODY LAUGH
BY EDITH BARRETTO PARSONS

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

"You'll not mind if I keep flying slowly about while I tell it, I hope. You see, I'm made to fly and I enjoy it more than keeping still. And hold my cup for me, please—very carefully; I hate to have the contents wasted. It's full of Joy-of-Life; and most people spill it so carelessly! And Pan, old chap, if you'll play a little jig it will help to keep me going."

So Pan played a cheery whisper of a tune and Eleanor held Cupid's cup carefully. Cupid flew about softly and said:

"Once my good Mother, whose name is Beauty, gave me a red rose. She told me to fly over the city and give the Rose to that home in which I should find the most affection, the least complaining, the best temper and the cheeriest humor. 'It is the Rose of Beauty, a wishing rose,' she said, 'and will give the owner his heart's desire.' So I flew over the city and found so many cheerful, happy homes that I laughed aloud for joy. But none was perfect; always somebody would complain or whine a little or somebody would take offense easily or become ill-tempered. Then it began to rain and I was flying away with my Rose, when I heard small chirruping voices in the air. 'Never mind, if we *are* a little bit wet,' said one, 'the shower will soon be over.' 'Certainly, my dear,' the other agreed. 'Come closer. We'll keep each other warm.' 'You are so sweet and brave, dear heart!' 'Oh, no. It is you who are so strong and kind.' 'What a good little nest this is; the water

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

from the roof scarcely leaks into it at all.' 'The sun will shine tomorrow, and maybe there'll be crumbs thrown out besides.' 'To be sure, there may. Let's chirp and forget we are hungry. One can always make the best of things with you near by.' So I awarded the Rose of Beauty that makes wishes come true to the hungry little Wrens in their wet nest under the dripping eaves, because their home was the happiest and most loving. But, 'Bless your heart, Cupid,' said the Wrens, 'we have no need of it at all. Our wishes *do* come true, you see.' So I put the rose in my hair and I say to you, dear Eleanor, that your song is right! *Little loves may be the gayest.*'"

"Thank you, Flying Cupid," said Eleanor, rising and making a curtsey. "That is a lovely story and I see now why you look so sweet, although you do seem so full of mischief, too."

Cupid laughed at that. He did not mind Eleanor's frankness; he knew that he *was* a little rascal sometimes.

"Maybe that's part of the reason why I'm so delightful," he said. "You wanted to know that, you remember."

"Now let's go to the sea-shore. I've a jolly little brother there," suggested Piping Pan.

"I'm so sorry. But I cannot go away down to the beach, you know. I promised Mother I'd stay close by."

Piping Pan laughed. "You needn't

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

move an inch," he said. "I'll bring the sea-shore to you. You have only to look at that small brother of mine and you'll see the seashore immediately."

"What fun! I'd like to have him in school sometimes, when it gets stuffy and tiresome—to make me see the ocean."

"Yes, indeed," said Piping Pan. "I do wish they'd have us in schoolrooms—all our family. We are exactly what they need there."

Then he blew on his pipes the little tune you hear when you hold a seashell to your ear. Eleanor saw gleaming white sands with fringed waves crawling upon them. As one of the waves slipped backward it left on the sand a quaint little figure.

"Hello, Bud!" Piping Pan called out.

"Lo, yourself," cried the newcomer.

He was a saucy little fellow, younger than Cupid and not quite so chubby. He looked somewhat as Piping Pan may have looked in his babyhood. "But he is more *baby* and not quite so *fairy*," Eleanor thought. He had a tiny pair of pipes, too, and when he and his brother played a duet the waves danced up and down and seaweed and pearls of spray came gliding and sparkling over the top of them. His hair was still quite wet.

"Tell him to look out," cried Eleanor to Piping Pan. "His darling little heel

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS
is right down on top of a great big
crab."

"That's all *you* know," said Piping Pan's saucy little brother, but he smiled so brightly when he said it that it did not seem as naughty as it sounded. "The crabs wouldn't hurt *me*. Human children don't know the reason. They're so stupid—always saying things over and over and over and over out of a book and never finding out for themselves at all."

"Isn't it because you're a sort of fairy people?" ventured Eleanor. She felt rather shy before this teasing Young Pan.

"Oh, no! That's not the reason. It's because we are not afraid of the creatures and they are not afraid of us. Why, this crab"—he knocked his little heel down so hard to point him out that Eleanor thought the crab must be very good-natured indeed to stand it—"this crab is my special pet."

"Just like your poodle," said Piping Pan to Eleanor.

"Oh, much better than that," said his superior little brother. "Why, this crab has been admired by hundreds of people. They praise him almost as much as they do me. They say he's such a *crabby* crab, and so he is. We are both very fine, thank you—and—ha, ha!—you're a pretty fine girl yourself."



BOY WITH FROG
WHO LOVES THE WILD THINGS
BY EDWARD BERGE

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

Eleanor thought him dear and felt that she wanted to squeeze his firm round arm and his pretty, soft shoulders.

"If you feel like hugging *me*," said Young Pan, "look at my little playmate, Roly Poly! I'll whistle him up. Roly Poly comes when *I* call him."

"He likes me, too," said Cupid. "He's just my kind of boy."

So Young Pan whistled a little rippling call and Roly Poly rose out of the waves and came along grandly, laughing aloud.

"He's riding on a slippery turtle!" chuckled Piping Pan.

"On one foot, too," cried Eleanor, excitedly.

"And holding a slippery fish in his arms—a big, live, squirming fish," shouted Young Pan. "Oh, Roly Poly, what a boy you are!"

"It's that that makes Roly delightful," said Piping Pan. "He is so different from everybody else and so interesting and so merry."

The Boy with the Fish laughed heartily. He was too busy keeping his balance and holding on to the frisky fish to have much time for conversation.

"He need not say a word. It's such fun just to look at him," said Eleanor.

The turtle went hurrying away from

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

the shore. The sea and sands vanished and Eleanor found herself and the Little Playfellows running down the Colonnade after the runaway turtle. She laughed until her sides ached, at the merry chase and Roly Poly's funny ride.

At last the turtle stopped before a pretty little pool.

There were two more children, laughing too, right in the middle of the flower-rimmed pool. Two little boys were having a fight there and never minding the water that splashed all over them. It was a play fight and good-natured; their laughter rang out as they struggled, though one was pulling the hair of the other and that other was getting ready for a brisk little kick.

"They have a fish, too," said she. "That's what they're fighting about. Why, Cupid!" she cried in amazement. "One of them is just like you. The same rose in his hair and everything!"

"He does look like me, to be sure," said Cupid. "You see, the artist who made us both loved a baby who looked like that. But he's not *exactly* like me, for all that; is he, Piping Pan?"

"You must look until you can see the difference," said Piping Pan to Eleanor. "The difference is the *Cupidness* of Cupid and the *boyness* of that boy. They're



BIRD FOUNTAIN BABY
THE SWEETEST BABY OF ALL
BY CAROLINE EVERETT RISQUE

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

like twins in appearance; but that doesn't matter. Their characters are different and that's what the artist sees and puts in to make them delightful. How those boys do tug and splash! They certainly are having fun. Let's sit here and watch the battle—if Roly's turtle will be still long enough. What are you thinking about, Eleanor?"

Eleanor blushed. "I'm having a lovely time, Piping Pan," she said; "but—I really was thinking how many more boys there are here than girls."

"Well, I *asked* you to kiss me," said a sweet voice behind her. "Kiss me *now*."

Eleanor turned quickly about. "Oh, you dear Wild Flower Girl! I surely will kiss you. Everybody wants to do so; you have such a dear good little face and your wild flower hat is just sweet and you hold your dear little hands just like two little leaves. I've always been crazy about you. If artists make the statues to look like people, as Piping Pan says, I'm sure *your* artist loved the person you look like."

"Yes, he did; better than any other little girl in the world!" said Wild Flower. "She's shy, you see, and sweet and pretty, and that made him think of a Wild Flower."

Just then they heard somebody laugh-

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

ing so heartily that they all began to laugh even before they saw who was coming. Even the Fighting Boys stopped their play to join in the merriment, it was so contagious. And Roly's turtle put up his head to listen.

Around the turn in the Colonnade came a fat baby girl, laughing so hard that everybody had to laugh to see or to hear her. A flock of cunning, downy ducklings waddled and quacked at her feet. And she held two of them—oh! so tight! —in her dimpled arms.

"You precious thing! You duck of a baby! You're the jolliest baby in the world!" said Eleanor to the Duck Baby, and sat down and took her in her lap and cuddled her while the downy ducklings played about them.

"That's what the world needs," said Piping Pan. "People so cheery that it makes you happy to be near them."

"I think it needs gentleness, too," said Eleanor, petting Wild Flower's cheek.

"That is true," said Piping Pan, approvingly, "and here is a gentle follower of mine come to greet you. He loves the wild things that I love, and always treats them politely."

Along came a lithe, serious boy, with wondering eyes, studying a big frog that he had caught. He seemed a little timid,



SUN DIAL BOY

"THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT"
BY EDWARD BERGE

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS
almost afraid, of the frog, and held him
at a distance, although he smiled as if
amused at his antics.

“Hold him tight; he’ll get away,”
advised Roly Poly, taking a closer hold
upon his own fish.

But the Boy with the Frog replied,
quietly, “I’m going to let him get away
pretty soon. I’m only getting acquainted
with him now. Piping Pan piped to me
when I was little and bade me learn all
about the wild creatures. And some day
I shall find out all their secrets.”

“How?” asked Eleanor, eagerly.

“Why, by loving them and being
patient,” replied the beautiful boy.

Piping Pan played a little tune then
and Eleanor heard words running through
it like a song:

*“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,”*

and keeping time with the words and the
tune she heard the patter of tiny feet on
the grass.

She turned and saw the sweetest baby
of all, a dear little round, cuddlesome,
beauteous baby, toddling quietly past.

“Oh! Wait a minute, Baby! Come
here; please do!” she called.

The baby stopped and looked at her.
“Can’t,” said he. “I’m got to take care

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS
of my poor little birdie. My birdie's all
tired out and needs a drink. The birdies
all come to me when they need somefing.
I'm the Bird Fountain Baby; that's why."

Then Eleanor saw that the loving baby
held a little weary bird close to his breast
and was looking down upon it with the
tenderest affection.

"I love you," she said to the Bird
Fountain Baby.

"Then won't you love my birdies,
please?" replied this sweetest of babies.
"And tell all the other chil'ren to make
bird baths and bird fountains in their
gardens and on their windows—if it's only
just a little bowl of water. 'Cause my
birdies get so thirsty!"

"Indeed, I will—and throw crumbs to
them, too," she promised. And the Bird
Fountain Baby smiled at her happily and
toddled away on his kind errand.

"Does anyone know the time?" asked
Eleanor. "I suppose I ought to be going
back to Piping Pan's corner very soon to
wait for my grown-ups."

"Time! Why, we never know that!"
replied Piping Pan. "Unless, perhaps,
that wee Sun Dial Baby may. I'll
whistle for him."

"I know the Baby you mean," said
Eleanor. "But he's so little and it's so
late! I think *we'd* better go to *him*, if

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

you don't object." Eleanor had a motherly heart and liked babies to be well taken care of.

The Sun Dial Baby looked as if he had always had the best of care. He was firm and shiny as a ripe apple. He had a new doll and was so happy kissing her and playing with her that he did not see his visitors at first. He was kneeling on his little pedestal giving all his attention to his dollie.

Eleanor had thought he was too little to be able to tell the time, even if he did have a sun dial, and she found that she was right. As for the Sun Dial itself, of course that was of no use at night.

"All he knows about time is that *There is No Time Like the Present,*" said Eleanor, laughing. "That's what is written on the bronze base below him."

"Well, that's all we need to know about time," said Piping Pan.

"Is that why he's let his old dollie lie there and only loves the new one?" said Eleanor, a little teasingly. But she kissed the Sun Dial Baby on the top of his shiny head and loved him dearly.

"Ah! Now I know what time it is!" exclaimed little Wild Flower. "It's moonrise!"

"The moon! The moon!" they all cried out, and held up their arms in rapture.

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

Back of the Sun Dial Baby, high in the clear, deep blue sky, the crescent moon rose slowly, serene and bright. At first Eleanor could see just the pale outline of the crescent. But as Piping Pan played to it in welcome, the curve took shape. She saw that it was a silver bow with a long moonbeam flying from it like an arrow. And glowing silver, too, and very beautiful, a graceful girl, light as a cloud, pure-browed as a star, lovely as the night, held the bow in her hand and went rising upward in the heavens.

"It is Young Diana, the young moon!" whispered Piping Pan. All the children were silent, looking up at her. "Be still," he cautioned, "and she will send us moonbeams."

So Eleanor was very still indeed and Diana shot moonbeams from her silver bow until the air fairly glowed with them.

Then—along the path of the moonbeams, like a dream—came Youth,—Youth herself, the beloved little girl from the Fountain of Youth, in the place of honor under the big tower, came to Eleanor and kissed her.

"The Moon has brought her here to our Colonnade," said Piping Pan. "The Moon brings Youth to those who love her."

Youth had a sweet, calm, thoughtful



YOUNG DIANA
THE MAIDEN OF THE MOON
BY JANET SCUDDER

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

face. She looked as though she were grateful for all the beauty in the world and longed for it to last forever. Her hands were curved upward like little cups and the glowing moonlight filled them up to the brim.

"Everything lovely fills the hands of Youth," said Piping Pan.

"And the hands of those who keep Youth in their hearts," said Flying Cupid.

"Look!" cried Eleanor, "flowers grow at her feet; they spring up wherever she steps!"

"She is a flower herself," said Wild Flower.

"I always wanted to understand you and to know you, Youth," said Eleanor.

"She has come to tell you about the Fountain of Perpetual Youth," said Piping Pan.

"But I thought you were going to tell me about Art," said Eleanor.

"They are the same thing," said he.
So Pan piped and Youth sang

*"The seeing heart is all of Art
And is forever young,"*

and Cupid carolled forth

"Little loves are gay, say I,"
and Wild Flower murmured

"In gentleness doth beauty lie,"

LITTLE BRONZE PLAYFELLOWS

and “*By patience we learn,*”
said the Boy with the Frog, and then—
“Bang!” went a rocket.

Eleanor sprang forward. “What was that, Piping Pan?” she cried.

“Just a rocket,” said Cousin Waldemar. “Aunt Katharine was mistaken; there are to be fireworks, after all; I’ve come to take you to see them.”

Eleanor looked about her. She was in the Colonnade beside Piping Pan, and all the Little Bronze Playfellows were standing quietly and silently on their pedestals,—little bronze statues again.

She blew a kiss to Piping Pan and took Cousin Waldemar’s hand.

“I’ve had a wonderful time, Cousin Waldemar,” she said, gratefully. “And Piping Pan looks like you and talks like you, too.”

“Ah! They spoke to you, then,” said Cousin Waldemar. “What did the little statues teach you, dear?”

“They taught me to love them, and to know why they’re so delightful,” said Eleanor. “And to be glad that the artists saw beautiful dreams and patiently made them into playfellows for me.”

“That’s all there is to learn about Art,” said Cousin Waldemar, and kissed her.



YOUTH
THE GIRL FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
BY EDITH WOODMAN BURROUGHS



